

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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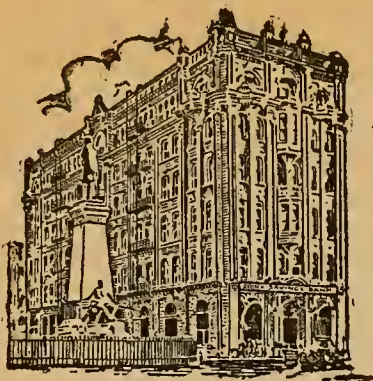
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COLONIA DUBLAN.

II.

THE entire business interests of the town are centered in the Union Mercantil establishment, three-fourths of whose trading is done with the Mexican people. The superintendent informs me that since the consolidation about five years ago the prices

large gains; if it falls as low as he feared it would do, he makes the ordinary gains; if it goes up in value, he makes on the rise in currency. He is like the proverbial hunter who proposed to the Indian the division of the game as follows: "You take the crow and I'll take the goose, or I'll take the goose and you take the crow."



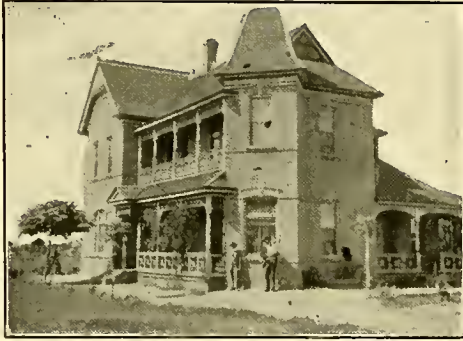
HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNION MERCANTIL, COLONIA DUBLAN.

of goods in terms of gold have fallen fully 25 per cent. The constant change heretofore in the values of Mexican money has made it necessary to mark the goods high enough to protect the merchant against the possibilities of a sudden fall in the value of Mexican currency. Of course, if the currency does not fall the merchant makes

There is so little valuable agricultural land in all Chihuahua that the increasing population of the state, brought about through the growth of the colonies and the development of the mines, keeps the prices of all farm products high. The staple farm product of the natives as well as the colonists is corn, which seems particularly

adapted to meet the dry season here in the latter part of May and June. I am told that some very excellent corn was raised last year on what we should call dry farms. The corn is planted in May, and gets, perhaps, a foot or two of growth when the dry season begins. One would imagine it then to be all withered up; but in July, August, and September there is almost always a considerable fall of rain so that the October crop of corn is quite heavy.

President Pratt of Dublan brought a stalk of corn from the field which measured 18 feet in length. I have just been



THE CLAWSON HOUSE, DUBLAN, WITH SMALL UMBRELLA TREE.

measuring an ear of corn that was fifteen inches long. The kernel is rather soft, but larger than the kernel of our Middle States corn. Corn bread is used almost exclusively by the natives. As soon as Dublan brings under cultivation the land lying immediately east of the town, her resources will be very materially increased.

A few miles below the town along the Cases Grandes river is a large tract of land consisting of hundreds of thousands of acres known as the Corralitos Ranch the property of a corporation in the United States. The same company also owns the railroad running from Ciudad Juarez to Dublan; and it is said it will probably dispose of the ranch with the sale of the railroad, which will perhaps be taken over entirely in the near future by a Mr. Green, a

wealthy miner and land owner. In any event, it is believed that some of this large tract of land will be open to colonization. At present it is a great stock ranch. The lower parts of the ranch along the river afford, perhaps, the richest lands in Mexico. These lands will grow fruits in great abundance and will some day be highly cultivated and the source of great wealth to those who may be fortunate enough to secure them.

The railroad is making its way past Dublan to the rich mining property farther south. These mines will afford a great market for products about Dublan; and the railroad, easy transportation. Dublan's future, therefore, would seem to be more encouraging than that of any other of the Mormon colonies in the state of Chihuahua.

An important problem, however, must be solved in providing opportunities for agricultural and horticultural pursuits. That means that more land must be obtained which is fit for cultivation. This is not an easy matter in Chihuahua where the best available agricultural lands are owned by natives or large corporations who care less for the development of the state than for speculative prices they hope to obtain for their ownership.

As matters now stand, too many of our young men seek employment in the mines, which in this country, perhaps, are more ruinous to the morals of the youth than mining camps are in the United States. To the colonists, the acquisition of new lands is indispensable for the well-being of the rising generation. Steps are being taken in the Juarez Stake Academy to establish a thorough course in horticulture. Fruit demands a high price, conditions for producing it are excellent, and high priced markets will demand for many years much more fruit than can be raised in Chihuahua.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF DE WET.



WHEN the regiment (the Royal Scots Fusileers) came down from Natal, I was left sick at Cape Town, along with a good many more, but I was now fully recovered and was working my way back to the regiment and my company. On the 19th day of July, at three in the morning, we left Bloemfontein on a train of loaded trucks. There were eighty of us, all told, and we were perched on top of the swaying loads from end to end of the train, wherever we could find room to hang on. We were lying on the top of a truck laden with sacks of corn at the end of the train, but it swayed so dreadfully that the sacks were falling off, and every time that the sacks would fall we expected to be thrown off ourselves; so that when we stopped for supper at six o'clock at night at Kroonstadt, we were glad to shift from our car to the one in the very front. There were several men on it already, and by lying close we would be a little warmer. I climbed up, and when the train left the station after dark we clutched our rifles with the one hand and held ourselves on with the other, at the same time trying to keep wrapped up in our blankets, for there was a very cold wind blowing.

When we reached Honing Spruit, about ten miles out, the train stopped again, and I heard an official tell the driver that about fifteen hundred Boers had crossed the line the night before, and we were to be on our guard; but the driver had got his orders and decided to chance it. We steamed on again. It was very dark, for there was neither moon nor stars. Whenever the furnace door was thrown open, the glare from the fire lit up our car and the forms and faces of the men on it; and

I could not help thinking what a good mark it would make for snipers. I drew the blanket over my head and tried to sleep, but the engine gasped so breathlessly, as she struggled up the hill, and the load on which I lay jolted and swayed so sickeningly that I could not close my eyes.

About four miles out from Honing Spruit the train drew up with a sudden jerk, almost throwing us from our precarious perches.

Her vacuum tube was broken. We knew in a moment what that meant. Instantly every man was awake and grasping his rifle. In the pitchy darkness we saw the spitting flame of rifles, and the whole country seemed to swarm with mounted men. I heard somebody saying, "My God, we'll all be killed if we can't drive them back and get down from here." We were all loading and firing as fast as we could, in an agony of desperation, and bullets buzzed about us like swarming bees: The man on my right was shot through the thigh; he leapt up with a shriek of pain, as if the shock had drawn all his nerves together with a jerk. Another bullet took him in the forehead, and he fell dead, bumping against my side. I heard wild cries and curses along the train, and there was an endless cracking and flashing of rifle fire. At the other end of the truck a man shrieked "O God!" and rolled on his back, with his hands grasping at the air, and squirming in his agony he fell over the side with a horrid smash. I turned sick. It was a hell of leaping fire and spitting bullets; the shouts and curses of men; dark figures speeding on horseback, and wild white faces rimmed with red in the furnace glare; and hissing, roaring steam as the engine struggled to lift its load, and the wheels clattering as they slipped on the rails, for the brakes were hard against it and the hill was steep. For

half an hour we held them back, and in that half hour I lived through years of agony, and every moment seemed to feel the burning of the bullets through my flesh.

Our ammunition was exhausted, and we heard the Boers crying, "Up hands—surrender!" What could we do but surrender? It was hopeless to try to hold out longer with no ammunition. The Boers had closed up on the train. One cried in English, "Get down, and mind you keep your hands up. We dropped sullenly from the trucks, muttering and swearing—a drop of nine feet. Strange that men should swear thus in the face of death, but it is even so. One stumbled and put down his hands to save himself from falling. He was immediately shot through the back. They lined up along the train—fifteen hundred men under Thereon, with two British fifteen pounders captured at Colenso, and one pompom (non-effective). The train was set on fire, after they had taken our rifles and such stores as the spare horses could carry, for they had no baggage or army wagons. They told us afterward that we had thirty killed and twenty wounded, but I have learned since that our loss was but five killed and nine wounded. The command divided into two sections, each taking a number of prisoners.

We marched nineteen miles to De Wet's camp or "laager," and the night was as dark as the mouth of a pit. I could have sworn that we marched thirty, but a scout who afterwards got friendly told me the distances. When we reached the laager an old man came over to where we were drawn up in line and spat in our faces, calling us "English pigs," and all the vile names he could think of, and said that if the general would give him permission he would cut the throats of all of us.

We lay for the rest of the morning on the bare veldt, for we had left our blankets. It was dreadfully chilly, and I could not

sleep. Just before daybreak I was sitting near a fire, at which an old, white-haired man was cooking a ration, and seeing me watching him so hungrily he called me over. Perhaps it was because I was the youngest looking of the whole party, or perhaps he had taken a fancy to me, but he asked my age and where I came from. He said that he had a son the same age as myself killed by the British at Peiter's Hill, along with an elder brother. Then he talked about his family. At one time he had seven sons in the field; but two were killed at Pieter's Hill and one at Magersfontein, and the remaining four were with him now. He called them over and talked with them. They were fine, strapping fellows, the youngest a boy of nine years, who carried a rifle and fought along with his brothers. When I asked for a drink, he sent this boy to a well more than a mile away to bring me some water.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon we were marched up in front of the only tent on the laager, which was De Wet's headquarters. De Wet came out, accompanied by ex-President Steyn and a brother of that Prinsloo whom General Hunter captured in the Orange Free State. He counted us, and asked where we had been going and what regiments we belonged to. He spoke very pleasantly and said that it was the fortune of war that we had been taken prisoners, and that we would very likely have a hard time of it for a while, but it couldn't be avoided. Concerning food, he had not much to give, but such as it was, depend upon it, we should get our share. At midday they forsook the laager, taking everything away. There was a convoy about three miles long, mostly bullock carts, with two fifteen-pounder guns, two twelve-pounder, one disabled pompom and one quick-firing Colt gun.

We trekked or marched for twenty-two miles, but a dreadful thunder storm came up, with a heavy, sheeting rain that turned

the veldt to a bog and made it impossible to go any further, as the wagons were continually breaking down or getting stuck in ruts in the sticky mud of the track, that ran with water like a mountain stream. When it fell dark we camped near a muddy, roaring stream, the prisoners lying like pigs in the mud, with no blanket or shelter of any kind, and the rain pouring mercilessly down upon us. We were all ravenous with hunger, and when a mess of wet meal was served out to us, it was put in a Kaffir pot to boil, but we could not wait for it cooking; we were delving into it with our grimy hands before it was even warm.

Next day we marched twenty-four miles. We always marched with our guards, who were mounted, behind the convoy, while the fighting men were way in the rear keeping back the column that we knew was pursuing us, for all day we heard their guns going. Three of Marshall's horse were taken prisoners that day while out scouting, and they told us that Methuen was chasing us very hard.

On the next day we marched till long after darkness had fallen. With the night came a heavy thunder storm, with blinding lightning, which made the thick cords of pouring rain glitter like strings of diamonds, and showed us limitless miles of bare, rain-lashed, God-forsaken veldt, in which a rat could not have found shelter.

We halted at eight o'clock in a darkness so thick that the men cursed the lightning for blinding them. Our guards told us that we would be taken into shelter. We were driven to a low-lying piece of ground near a stream where the water and mud were so deep that we could not lie down, and there we stood, huddled together like beasts, in the pouring rain, until nearly midnight. Then our guards led us down into a donga, through a stream waist deep and up the further bank, to a tin shed,

cursing us all the time as being the cause of so much trouble.

The shed was about twenty feet by twelve, and we were crammed in, close packed like herring. The men who were in first lay down, but there was not room for all to lie, much less stand, and we crowded in half lying, half sitting, in a solid, clustering mass of miserable humanity, threatened with instant death if we dared for a moment to show our faces at the door, and breathing the horrid, clammy, steaming atmosphere from wet clothes and heavy breaths. All night long the guards paced up and down before the door. No language can describe the ghastly misery of the awful night; man's wildest dreams have never plumbed its depths. Even yet, when the nights are wild and wet, I find myself with straining ear listening for the tramp of heavy boots, that squelch and splash in the sticky, sludgy mud outside the door, or the swish of rain on the roof, and fancy that the steaming mist that rises from the huddled bodies is stifling me. In the morning the rain was over, and the sun's rays shot in a watery glare along the drenched face of the far-reaching, desolate veldt.

For five days the Boers were hemmed in here, and could neither advance nor retire. In all that time we only saw DeWet once, accompanied, as usual, by his gaunt shadow, Steyn. Nobody dared speak to him at such a time. For the first two days we heard the continuous thunder of the British guns and saw the shells bursting along the ridges that were held by the Boers about a mile off. We were somewhere in the Orange Free State near the Vaal river. Every day prisoners were brought in, and our number was growing. One day it was one of Marshall's horse, wounded; next day two Seventeenth Lancers; next day four Marshall's, and again two of Strathcona's. Some of them when brought in had poultry hanging to their

saddles. The horses and accoutrements were taken from them, but they were allowed to keep the fowls. One day some of the Boers who had been on a reconnaissance came in and bragged about having wrecked a train near Bank, killing a number of men of the Shropshire regiment. On the next day of our stay twelve of the sick prisoners were sent away on a wagon to Fridaport Boer hospital. We learned from a scout that this hospital was captured next day by the British. On the first of August De Wet discovered a way out of this trap. We marched nineteen miles and camped beside the Vaal river. Every day fresh prisoners were added to our company, and now it was French's scouts and now mounted infantry; but the Boers had prisoners of their own apart from us. There were about thirty foreigners and Boers who would not break their oaths, but these were allowed to ride on the carts. They used to wave their hands to us and cry. "How goes it, troops?" which was rather a quaint form of salutation.

All this time I believe we were somewhere in the Free State, but we doubled and dodged so continuously that I was completely at a loss. On the fourth of August we heard the guns going on both sides, both British and Boer. Methuen had caught up with us again. At night the Boer signals flashed down into the camp from the outpost among the hills. By this time De Wet's command had grown to 6000 or 7000 strong, composed of various smaller commands under their own leaders, but all acting under his orders. For all these men there was only one doctor, a German, who treated our sick very well. He was at a big disadvantage, however, as he had to carry all his medicines and instruments in his pockets or on his saddle. He was wearying to get away, as he was in a sense a prisoner. Of course the command was not always so

strong, because every day parties of two to five hundred were going out on their own account, scouring the whole country, and doing as much damage as they could. They always returned to their quarters wherever De Wet was. The commanders of these small scouting parties always knew where he was making for and what route he intended taking. Next day the guns were still going, and we could see the shells bursting on the hills. One night a man of the Welsh Fusiliers escaped by hiding in a hole in the river bank and swimming across to Transvaal territory in the darkness, where he soon fell in with a British column.

How we all survived that dreadful time is a mystery. We were all in utter rags, and swarming with vermin. Our boots were worn out, and most of us marched with putties or pieces of bag wrapped round our feet. One night (the nights were so dreadfully cold) I burned the putties off my feet through lying too close to a fire. Another time I burned my tunic through rolling on a fire in my sleep. The mind cannot grasp the awful wretchedness, the hellish misery, of that weary trek. One afternoon a sergeant of the Welsh Fusiliers sat down on the roadside, dead beat, and leaned his head on his hands; his limbs had given out, and even his heart refused to carry him further. One of the guards went up and lashed him with his whip, but the man did not stir. There was a volley of oaths and the cruel lash curled round his neck. The man looked up; there were white furrows on his face where the tears had run down. "God Almighty," he sobbed, "has the soul gone out of the world? Have men with reason sank lower than the beasts?" The whip turned with a hiss around his face amidst a volley of curses and kicks—"Get up, you English pig, get up." Through all those days of suffering most of the men retained their indomitable spirit.

When we crossed the Vaal at Schurman's Drift, there was a house in which lived an Englishman with his wife, who came to the door to see the convoy pass. The prisoners jibed and jeered at him, telling him that he would not live in comfort long, as there were those coming who would make him account for his presence there. His wife was a soft-spoken Dutch woman, who seemed much distressed at the state we were in. Imagine us with matted hair, and wild, unshaven faces thick with mud and grime, our clothes, or as much of them as were left, hanging in mud soiled tatters, our feet wrapped in putties or pieces of sacking, our hands covered with suppurating veldt sores, and every man with a huge stick in his hand to help him along. The sick, whom the doctor had placed on the wagons, were in a far worse state—filthy, helpless, thirst-tortured, gaunt skeletons, racked with fever and dysentery. She promised to send down some blankets to us. The Boers took all the stores from the house that they could find, but at night the doctor came galloping down with six blankets under his saddle. She had not forgotten her promise.

Every Boer had at least two horses, some had three and four. When they lay down in sleep, they passed an arm through the reins and were ready to jump at a moment's notice, as the saddles were never taken off unless to change horses. Sometimes the horses were hobbled in a circle, the head of one to the tail of another, so that if they moved they would move in a circle and could not stray far.

When we forded Schurman's Drift we were in the Transvaal. We lost a good deal of time in crossing, and next day Methuen was up with us again, at a place called Tygarsfontein. His infantry drove the Boers from ridge to ridge, and a British shell burst in the midst of a group and killed fourteen, a Boer scout told me, and

they were not given to lying on that side of the ledger.

At one time the British were within 1000 yards of us. I did not know then that the infantry was composed of two companies of Scots Fusiliers and two companies of Welsh Fusiliers. The Boers were utterly routed, and scattered groups came galloping past us crying, "Kharkees coming! Kharkees coming!" The drivers on the convoy were seized with panic. The long whips curled snapping at the oxen, and with lash and yell they were kept trotting till long after darkness had come. Bullocks falling dead from fatigue, were replaced by others that plunged in a bellowing drove beside us, trumpeting with fear when a shell burst near them. All the time that the stinging whips and the ready rifles of the guard were among the prisoners, hounding us on. With heads that whirl dizzily from hunger, thirst and fatigue, with limbs tottering under us, spurred on by whips and threats of death, we prayed, oh, how we prayed that a shell would burst among us and shatter us out of our misery.

Thirty-four miles of a march, or trek, as we called it, that seems a ghastly nightmare—tumbling through streams, and along rocky tracks in the hills, swerving aside to pass shell-battered wagons and dead cattle, staggering blindly through thorn bushes and among boulders—and it was midnight when we halted. But the fever-racked sick on that horrible, jolting, springless wagon on such a trek—God help them!

De Wet was right when he said that he had not much in the way of provisions to give us. Sometimes we were two whole days without food of any kind, and frequently we had not time to cook what we did get. A torn nosebag was a providential dispensation, for there were always a few grains of corn lying about. Occasionally we got a sack of mealies or wheat.

The wheat we either boiled or crushed between stones into a coarse kind of bran, which we made into a paste with water and roasted on the fire; once we got a bullock and at another time a few sheep. One night a Boer gave me a piece of tobacco—such a luxury! I did not understand what he said, for he could not speak English; but his laugh was the purest English when he saw how I enjoyed it. I could have kissed him, and yet under his old tattered hat there seemed to be nothing but whiskers and eyes. Once while boiling some Indian meal for supper, I came down heavily on a huge white thorn with my knee, and next day it was so badly swollen and so painful that I was unable to walk. I was continually dragging behind and being ordered to get on, until at last in despair I lay down, in the hope that someone would shoot me dead where I lay and put an end to all my sufferings. I was kicked up and ordered to hold on by the end of a wagon.

A field officer rode past and I showed him my knee, telling him that I could not walk. He gave orders for me to be placed on a wagon. I was put on one with no sides to it, and it was all that I could do to hold myself on as it jolted along the uneven, deeply-rutted road. You will remember that the wagon was at the end of the convoy, which was nearly three miles long, and the track was therefore badly cut up. I do not remember anything about that day, as every jerk of the wagon caused me such excruciating pain that I was half delirious all the time. Next morning we broke camp at three o'clock. When the day broke we saw British mounted men on a hill two miles off. Soon their gunners got our distance, and shells were screaming and bursting over the convoy. Several wagons in front of us were blown up and the oxen scattered in writhing masses on the road. The Kafir who led our team took fright and bolt-

ed, the oxen swerved as a shell burst in front of them, and the wheels going suddenly into a deep rut the heavy wagon turned completely over, grinding me beneath its weight. My head bursting, I was falling down through blackness in the midst of a thousand crimson serpents, somebody held my heart in his hand, was squeezing it, and then—thank heaven, this is death.

Ages after, there was a roaring of waters far beneath me; then it thundered on my naked brain. A faint star was shining somewhere; it rushed toward me, getting bigger and bigger until I was swallowed up in it—and my eyes were open. The wagon was righted. I was dripping wet, for the drivers had thrown water upon me. I heard the boom of the guns and the crash of bursting shell. I tried to rise, but my head seemed to float away from me, and I felt myself striking the ground, but I did not feel myself falling. They lifted me on to the wagon, and the oxen moved off. My head and face were sticky with thick blood and dust and I was in such pain that I did not know where the pain was. How those British gunners were working! I wondered if they could manage to hit me. The sun was strong in my eyes; I tried to raise my hand and found that both wrists were sprained. There was a dreadful torn wound in my leg, but thick dust had dried the blood, and horrid, shiny, green flies were clustered all over it and on the vent of my poisoned knee. It looked like jelly, and, by Jove, I was hungry. That was a rare feed we had in Cape Town, in the Swiss restaurant. I wish I had some of those tomatoes. They were red and ripe. Hello, there's two horses and a man killed! Look at the blood! I wonder if I'm like that. Another shell. I wonder what my mother is doing just now.

It was eleven o'clock at night when I awoke and pitch dark. I learned afterward that we had marched thirty-seven

miles. The convoy waited till the following afternoon, waiting until Methuen could come up close that they might start off fresh, by which time his column would be nearly done up. Whenever his scouts came in sight we moved off and got into Buffelsdoorn Pass, but Methuen did not try to force it, as it would have been quite impossible with the number of infantry at his command. We began to see then that it was no part of Methuen's plan to head us off, but simply to drive us before him until we would be hemmed in between other columns, possibly at Oliphant's Neck. The game was too evident, and De Wet laid his plans accordingly. His scouts and small commands always operated two or three days in advance of the main body, still keeping in touch with it; and he knew where every British column was within days of him. We left Buffelsdoorn Pass at dark and crossed the railway between Welverdiend and Bank at midnight after blowing it up for a distance of a mile and a half.

We marched thirty-four miles that night, but next day Methuen was at our heels again, shelling us all day. I was again on foot, as it was less painful to be on foot and holding on the end of the wagon than to ride on it.

Next day we were very hard pressed, and the British captured one of the fifteen-pounders. The British gunners were in deadly form; they were deliberative in their aim and seldom missed the mark. The teams belonging to several wagons of

stores and ammunition were killed and the wagons had to be abandoned. About four in the afternoon we were staggering along wearily behind the last wagon when a shell leapt shrieking over our heads and burst with a horrible crash, a thick cloud of dust and stones, and a gurgle of strange sounds from the midst of the cloud. Our guards scattered to every side. We turned and ran—about fifty of us—back over the road we had just come, back towards the British guns and freedom. Our guards turned and came galloping after us, firing all the time, but they dared not come too close. We forgot our weakness and fatigue, forgot our wounds and sores. We scattered out over the veldt and ran on in a mad rush for safety. Then for the first time a British shell sought us; a shrapnel burst in the air and killed two of our party as we rose to the crest of the ridge. The British pompom was trained on us. We saw them all before us, and frantically waved our hands and rags to draw their attention. The officer of the pompom, looking through his glasses, saw us just in time, "My God! they're a lot of our own men; don't fire!" We were frantic with joy; we hugged the men; we hugged the horses; we shouted and laughed and tossed our helmets in the air. We shook hands with each other, with the soldiers, with everybody who came in our way. Can you blame us if we wept or laughed, for were we not back again to freedom; back under the old flag?

National Magazine.

GOOD ADVICE.

1. Do good to all without exception.
2. Never speak ill of anyone.
3. Think well before you decide any question of moment.
4. Become deaf and mute as soon as you feel anger rising within yourself.
5. Never refuse to render a service whenever you are able to do so.
6. Help those in need.
7. Never hesitate to confess your own mistakes.
8. Be patient with everyone.
9. Never encourage arguments or discussions.
10. Never give credit to the tales of those who are in the habit of criticising.—*Ex.*

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

v.

My Dear Son:—

In this letter I want to tell you something about the fruits that come from the habit of work. All people want some reward for the good they do, and boys are no exception to the rule. They can work more cheerfully, just as men can, when they are earning something that will contribute to their comfort and happiness. Now let me ask you what you are going to do with the money you earn, either while working for yourself, or that comes to you through the kindness of your parents while you are working for them? Are you going to spend your money just as fast as you earn it in some momentary pastime, or have you an idea that you should "lay something by?"

This brings me to what I wanted to say to you about the duty or habit of accumulating something, even in your boyhood days. People have different ideas about the things that boys should "lay by," or save. Many encourage their sons to put money away in the bank, that it may accumulate interest. I have never thought that such accumulations were either desirable or helpful to a boy. The banking business is honorable and necessary; but \$10.00 in a bank will never do for a boy what \$10.00 in a calf, or a horse, or in the share of a crop will do.

What a boy gets should be helpful to him, not only in getting more, but in furnishing him something with which to plan and to work. He may lose the calf, or the crop may be a failure, even when interest on the money is sure; but yet I think it better that the boy should have the experience in raising the cattle, cultivating the farm, and that he have the co-operation of that which he accumulates in the accumulation of more. In other words, he should in-

vest his money in such a way that more intelligence and energy will be required in using that which he has already gained. The money he puts in a bank grows by the intelligence and skill of others rather than by his own efforts or manipulation.

Sometimes, for boys of studious habits, the accumulation of books and the application of money for education will be very helpful investments. When a boy puts his money in a bank, there is always danger that he will look upon money as the end and aim of his efforts, rather than as a means to employ his intelligence and industry. It is a good thing for a boy to see growth about him.

I will tell you of some of the accumulations which I have seen boys make. Some time ago I stopped at the home of the parents of a young man who was about seventeen years of age. On the chiffonier in his room there were about thirty neckties, all of different styles and colors, and but slightly worn. Such an accumulation represented in that young man vanity; and I am sure you will agree with me when I say that neckties contribute nothing to a young man's intelligence, and that they have in them no earning power by which he may add to the store of his savings.

I saw in the home of another young man, not much older than you, a great variety of jewelry, which I fancied might easily be worth \$200.00 or \$250.00. If either of these young men had put his accumulations into a box of tools, a library, blooded chickens, or a cabbage garden, he would have had something useful to think about beside his personal vanity; and he would have found in any of these a means of educating himself.

I think a box of tools, such as the saw, the hammer, the chisel, the file, an excellent investment for every boy. The possession of the tools will lead to their use, their use

will lead to skill and judgment; and a young man who has both skill and judgment has an excellent start in life. When, therefore, I tell you that boys may be benefited by accumulating something at your

age in life, I mean those accumulations that will be helpful, that will enrich their minds as well as their pockets.

J. M. T.

WEIMAR.



On emerging from the station we admire the fine street in front of us, which leads to the town half a mile distant.

The Sophien Strasse, is lined on either side with wide spreading trees, heavily laden with foliage. It is one of the prettiest streets to be found, and lends an artistic air to the place, which can but favorably impress the visitor.

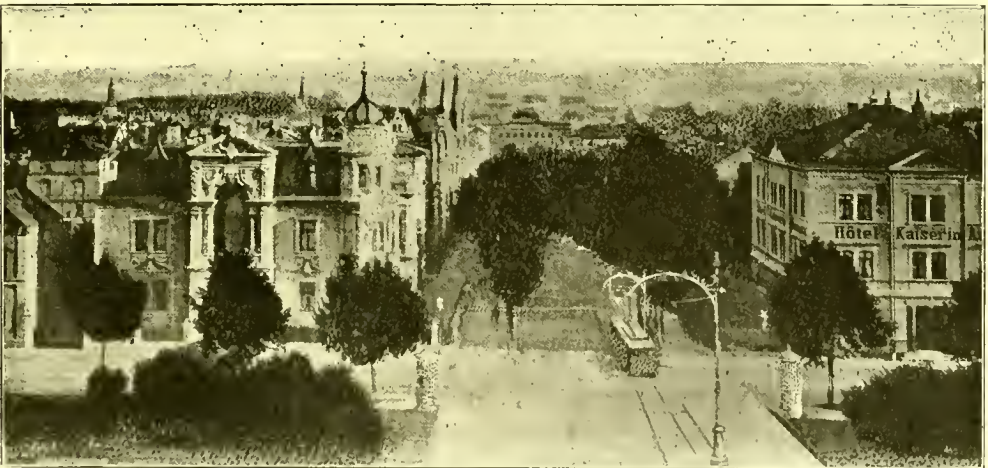
The day of our visit is a beautiful Sabbath in early September, the air is bracing, and we find the walk to the town a delightful one. Weimar is the capital of the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar. The town itself, like those of other days, is very irregularly built, but its suburbs are modern and attractive.

It is situated on the clear, winding Ihn,

and in places truly picturesque. It is 670 feet above sea level, and has a population of about 30,000 inhabitants. It is a very interesting town, chiefly because of its literary associations, and the noted men and women, who once dwelt here, and whose lives are interwoven with the city's greatness.

On our right hand we pass an imposing, frowning war monument, and at the end of the Sophien Strasse is the museum, a conspicuous red and yellow sandstone edifice, in the Renaissance style. It contains a rather fine art collection, among which is noticeable a colossal group of Goethe and Psyche, in marble, also the battle of Arminius and the Walkalla.

The paintings in the museum are mostly ordinary ones. The Preller Gallery, however, contains a cycle of Mural paintings



WEIMAR.

from the *Odyssey*, by Preller, representing the fortunes of Odysseus,* from his departure from Troy, till his return to Ithaca. The large landscape paintings depict the most important events in his wanderings and return. The pictures of the base (red figures in a black ground, like those in Greek vases) represent scenes at Ithaca, both before and after his return, which are very interesting. They are painted in wax colors, and rank among the best modern works of art.

South of the museum, in the Carl August Platz, is the beautiful *Virmoria Fountain*, whose glistening, foaming spray is ever descending amidst the music of its babble.

It was by the invitation of Duke Carl August (who was a liberal patron of literature) that Goethe resided in Weimar in an official capacity (latterly as minister) during fifty-six years, till his death in 1832. Goethe's contemporaries, among them Herder and Wieland, also held appointments here under the Duke, during whose reign Weimar was visited by many celebrated men of letters. In 1789, at Goethe's request, Schiller was appointed a professor at the neighboring university of Jena. He resigned this position in 1801 and retired to Weimār, where he died in 1805. Weimar is now the seat of an art school, which was founded in 1860, to which some artists of note belong.

In the Jacob's church repose the remains of Lucas Cranach the Elder, and Christine Vulpius, Goethe's wife. Though her tombstone appears in the family burial plot in the new cemetery, yet it is said her dust lies here.

In the center of the town, in an open square called Herder Platz, rises the Peter-Pauls, or City Church. It was built in 1488-90. In it is one of the elder Cranach's largest and finest paintings, the Cru-

cifixion, with pictures of Luther, Melancthon, Burgenhazen and others. Beneath a simple slab, in a nave of this church reposes Herder, who died in 1803. On the slab his motto is engraved, "Licht, Liebe, Leben" (Light, Love and Life). He won distinction among his fellows and gave valuable achievements to the world.

How beautiful the sentiment, "Light, Love and Life!" The thoughts of the truly great go out in reach of light, their aspirations reach to the life immortal, where there is a fulness of love. The primal cause of our being is love, our life here is overshadowed by that benign influence, and love beyond our understanding awaits our entrance into that other life, the inspiration of which has illumed the minds of poets and sages since the world began.

Still gazing at the words chiseled in the cold stone, a sigh escapes us. Has he found his heart's desire? A flash of light momentarily crosses the mind, and the question is answered "Yes." The involuntary sigh expressed a yearning for that time and place when "Light, Love and Life" will be ours always. Then all will be understood, our weary earthly pilgrimage, our feet stumbling oftentimes beneath our burden's heavy load, our sighs and tears.

Many of the princes of Weimar are sleeping here beneath monuments more or less imposing. Noticeable among them is that of Duke Bernard. The brass which marks this grave makes it the most interesting of these monuments to a princely line.

In front of the church stands a bronze statue of Herder, erected in 1850. On the pedestal is also inscribed his favorite motto. Behind the church is the parsonage, where Herder lived from 1776 till his death.

To the east of the city church rises the grand ducal palace, which, partly under Goethe's superintendence, was erected on the foundation of an older edifice.

To the left, in the west wing, in the

* Better known to us as Ulysses.

Herder Zimmer (room) are symbolical figures of that scholar's various achievements.

In the Schiller Zimmer (room) are scenes from Fiesco, Don Carlos, Wallenstein, Mary Stuart and others.

Lydia D. Alder.

THINGS MEXICAN.

Now that I have come to Mexico, I must not only learn a new language, Spanish, but I must also understand the methods by which business is carried on. That the reader may know the intricacies of some common businesses, I will introduce him into the novelties of conducting a butcher shop.

Ten miles away is the seat of government of the district to which I belong, a little Mexican town, Casas Grandes. Here taxes of all kinds are collected and authority given to establish business in any part of the district. Before I can open my shop I must pay to the municipal, or local, government \$2.25 per month license; and the state requires a license of \$18.00 a year. Now I am ready to open my shop.

But before I can kill one of the steers which I have bought, I must get a bill of sale from the owner. This bill of sale must state the price and be stamped with a three-cent revenue stamp for every \$5.00 or fraction thereof. To accompany this bill of sale, I must write out a manifest, a sort of affidavit, giving a description of the animal and the amount paid for it. The bill of sale may be on most any kind of a piece of paper, but I am required to write out the manifest on a large sheet so as to give it the appearance of a legal document. If I do not respect official requirements in the matter of the kind of paper I write my manifest on, it will be sent back to me unapproved.

Now before I can kill this steer, I must take this bill of sale and manifest to the tax collector at Casas Grandes and pay

him two per cent of the steer value for the state and one-fourth of one per cent of its value for the federal government. This presentation must be made to the tax collector within forty-eight hours after the purchase. The collector thereupon approves the bill of sale and manifest, which I can then present to the *jefe político*, a kind of mayor, and obtain permission from him to kill the animal. To him for his permission I pay \$1.25.

After so much of the law has been observed, a policeman goes with me to my slaughter house to see that the particular animal described in the bill of sale is the one which I kill. When all that is done, I may take the animal dressed to my shop. There I keep a set of books which have been stamped and approved by the officers of the law. Those books contain an account of all the meat I sell, whether in parcels worth five cents or five dollars. At the end of every three months I must take these books to the officers at Casas Grandes, and pay [on the gross sales for that time two and a quarter per cent. That ends my taxes for the quarter. However, the law requires that I keep on file all my bills of sale for a period of ten years.

Fortunately steers are cheap, or meat bills would run very high. As it is, the cost ranges from 9 to 16 cents per pound Mexican money, which in the United States would be 4½ to 8 cents. So you see that beef, after all, is not so expensive. In order that I may not be compelled to go so far every day from my business to the seat of government, I am permitted to

buy up my steers at the beginning of the month and give the bills of sale and manifest for the entire number needed during that time.

In cutting up the beef the law says I

shall not use a cleaver. The reason given for such a regulation is, that some Mexican official injured his teeth by biting a bone that had been driven into the meat by a cleaver.
A Butcher.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION IN PARENTS' CLASSES.—THE CHILD'S ENVIRONMENT.

I. IMPORTANCE OF PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

1. Definition of environment.
2. Are we subject to the conditions of our surroundings, or have we power to rise above them?
3. Discuss example of those who have risen above environment: Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, Thomas A. Edison, Benjamin Disraeli, Dick Whittington. (Lord Mayor of London,) Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia, Governor Folk of Missouri, Andrew Carnegie, John Jacob Astor, Jay Gould, James Watt, George Stevenson, C. E. Dallin and others.
4. Discuss example of those who have been slaves to environment such as Edgar Allen Poe, Robert Burns, Coleridge, Thomas DeQuincy, and others.
5. "Example is stronger than precept."
6. Make the surroundings of the child neat and clean, that his thoughts may be pure and lofty. (In this connection consider the unfortunate effect of evil surroundings and bad influences.)
7. Surround him with good literature, the records of man's thoughts and deeds.
8. Let him hear good music, in order to instil in his soul fervor and a love of harmony.
9. "Art is nature made by man;" therefore study good paintings and sculpture.
10. God is the author of all things beautiful. "My heart looks up to Thee." May

we make it so pure that its influence will be felt by all who come in contact with us.

11. Industry and compliance with God's laws are the foundations for wealth. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

12. Avoid that which is low and vulgar.

13. In all things be masters of yourselves, even as Jesus was.

14. Prayer and good thoughts are powerful factors in influencing mankind.

15. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Be unselfish that the children may learn from your example.

16. Let your influence extend to others.

17. A fountain cannot rise higher than its source.

18. The education of the child should begin one hundred years before it is born.

19. How far are the parents responsible for the conduct of the spirits entrusted to their care?

20. Effect of surrounding the child with good environment.

(a) Ideals formed.

(b) Contrasts.

21. The spiritual development is of far more value than the physical.

22. Our spirits are breathing influence continually. Pray that it be pure.

23. "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

24. What we say, what we do, and

what we are, we carry with us into eternity.

25. "Let your light so shine before men,

that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

WONDERFUL GRAIN FIELDS.

AMONG the very rich grain fields for which California is noted, none offer more curious conditions than those formed by the lowlands stretched out along the banks of the Lower Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. These rivers during the rainy seasons of the winter are rushing torrents that bring down from their sources enormous quantities of debris and deposit the same along the low river banks where the falls in the rivers become very slight. In the summer time during the dry season they are small ditches.

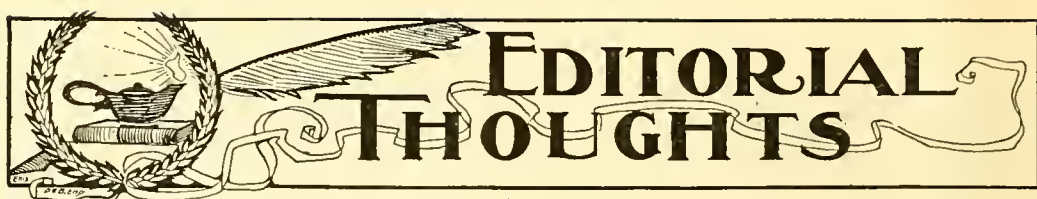
For miles on either side of these streams, many thousands of acres of rushes, called tules, grew in former times. As time went on and land became more valuable, the idea of building dykes a little way back from these streams was put into effect and islands were formed along their deltas. These gave rise to large areas of land extending along the river's mouth for nearly twenty miles in places. The land formed by a mixture of sand and tules was discovered to be about the richest in the world.

In the beginning, great difficulty was encountered in keeping the water back by means of dykes during the rainy season in the winter, but no sooner had the land become secure against winter floods than a peculiar danger arose in the great tule fires. These reeds formed a sort of peat, and when once set on fire were almost impossible to extinguish. Sometimes the dykes were opened and the waters let in upon

them, sometimes the hose from the great pumping stations were turned loose upon the burning lands; but often as soon as the land became dry the fires would break out again, and thus the farmers saw their farms going up in smoke and often the places which the fire had swept were almost knee-deep in ashes.

It was soon discovered, however, that these ashes were not detrimental to the land. They were plowed under, and immense fields of grain, which in the harvest season present a beautiful golden hue, afford one of the richest landscapes in the world. Here, too, in these deltas are the great fields of asparagus which the Californians can and send to all parts of the world. Small fortunes have been made out of the potato crops along the San Joaquin river.

The writer, a few seasons ago, was present when the threshing season was on, and witnessed those wonderful combination harvesting machines, whose sickles cut a swath of twenty feet, and from which the heads of wheat were thrown upon a canvass and carried to a machine that threshed and sacked the cereals at the same time. Behind this great machine, boys go in a light wagon hauling barrels of water with which to put out any incipient fires that may be kindled in the stubble; for a fire once under way would be an awful disaster. In case there was a wind, thousands of acres might be destroyed before it could be put out.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - MARCH 15, 1906

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THE DISPOSITION TO WORRY.



HE disposition to worry manifests itself among people in two very different ways. There are those who worry themselves, who are full of misgivings, always have some troubles that make them more or less unhappy and about which they worry a great deal. Their worry is often infectious and others feel uncomfortable in their presence. They are not very hopeful, and consequently do not have much faith in that providential care which wipes away many a tear and binds up many a broken heart. The farther such people look ahead of themselves, the more trouble they see.

Unfortunate, however, as such people

are, they are not such a burden upon society as the other class that have a disposition to worry—not themselves, but who worry others. Just why some folks take pleasure in worrying their fellowmen quite unnecessarily it is difficult to understand. One might imagine sometimes that they took a particular pleasure in the discomfort of others, and are ever ready to carry tales, repeat idle sayings and pernicious gossip to those who ought not to hear them.

Men who are laden with many responsibilities should be fountains of living water and of hope and promise to their fellowmen. What leading men under such circumstances have to impart to the people is often of far-reaching consequence to their happiness and welfare. Shall the minds and hearts of such men be filled with trivial gossip? Shall the fountains of their inspiration be poisoned by the enmity, jealousies and selfishness of those who take pleasure in worrying others? These worry mongers are not bearing important information, things that need to be known, or matters important for the self-protection of others. They are the bearers of rumors, unconfirmed reports, and gossip that irritates and brings annoyance to those before whom they pose as friends. If men and women would only learn to tell that which is important to be known, if they would only forget words whose meaning and influence fall to the ground as soon as they are spoken, they would cease to be a source of worryment to others.

One might almost imagine that such people took pleasure in the distress and unhappiness of others they are able to worry;

and it is questionable whether it can be said of them, "Their motives are good," or that "They mean no harm." The wrongdoing with people who bring such annoyance to the lives of their fellowmen is that they are given to exaggeration. They aim to arouse the feelings of those they worry to a certain degree of intensity. If the supposed or real facts which they narrate are sufficient to accomplish the purpose they have in view, all well and good. If not, the facts must be colored, exaggerated, and made to effect the end in view. Such persons undermine in time their own integrity; and the more efficient class of that kind create in time feelings of horror at their presence.

And what of those who will be worried and made unnecessarily fretful? The real secret is that those who have found it possible to worry them have learned how to play upon their prejudices and to manipulate those prejudices for their own selfish ends. If those to whom the worry-makers appeal would discourage these tale-bearers and take with liberal allowance their idle stories, such scandal mongers would greatly diminish in number and in maliciousness. It is, therefore, always better to encourage the association of those who carry with them good cheer, that have no special selfish ends in view, who rejoice in the welfare and good fortune of their brethren. It is a pretty sure sign that men who are surrounded by a considerable number of worry-makers have violent prejudices that others are trying to manipulate to their own imagined advantage.

Joseph F. Smith.



THE TRUTH—THE TRUTH ONLY.

IN an article recently published through these columns, the attention of teachers and officers in Church organizations, as

well as due consideration on the part of Church members in general, was directed to the imperative need of care and caution in securing accuracy on all subjects presented in class or from the pulpit. It is gratifying to note that, as shown by comment and inquiry, the timeliness of the article referred to has been widely recognized, and the spirit of its admonition generally understood. The subject is of such importance, and its phases and varied aspects so numerous, that brief additional consideration is deemed advisable.

A teacher instructing a class in Sunday School, a speaker addressing any congregation of the Church, whether in connection with the auxiliary organizations, or in the regularly constituted gatherings of the Church, it matters not,—any person addressing an assembly or engaged in private conversation on the principles of the Gospel, should be filled with a prayerful desire that he may be inspired to speak in proper season and from the truth and the truth only. His next wish should be, that if he fail in any degree to accomplish that purpose, then that his hearers may be able to recognize the error and not be deluded into false conceptions regarding the truth through his mistake.

No one imbued with the spirit of the Gospel can fail to realize the possibilities attending the sowing of the tares of error instead of or intermixed with the seeds of truth in the minds of receptive and eager listeners. With due realization of the responsibility they assume, our teachers and preachers may well approach their labors with fear and trembling, yet sustained by the assurance that in proportion to their humility and earnestness power greater than their own shall be imparted unto them. Secure in the knowledge of faithful effort toward self-preparation, and duly relying upon the promised aid through divine inspiration, the humble

teacher becomes, unto those who listen to him a source of strength and a medium of enlightenment. While one may be mistaken as to some detail of scriptural record, such minor errors are easily corrected, and the earnest speaker, discovering his mistake, will be desirous of removing all misunderstanding and confirming the truth in every particular.

Happily the dangers due to unsafe teaching and questionable preaching may be located, and the sources of contamination, thus recognized and made known, can be the more carefully watched. Among the Latter-day Saints, the preaching of false doctrines disguised as truths of the Gospel, may be expected from people of two classes, and practically from these only, they are:

First—the hopelessly ignorant, whose lack of intelligence is due to their indolence and sloth, who make but feeble effort, if indeed any at all, to better themselves by reading and study; those who are afflicted with a dread disease that may develop into an incurable malady—laziness.

Second—the proud and self-vaunting ones, who read by the lamp of their own conceit; who interpret by rules of their own contriving; who have become a law unto themselves, and so pose as the sole judges of their own doings. More dangerously ignorant than the first.

Beware of the lazy and the proud; their infection in each case is contagious; better for them and for all when they are compelled to display the yellow flag of warning, that the clean and uninfected may be protected.

Now, can one consistently hope for the assistance of inspiration while conscious of habitual waste of opportunity and self-convicted of persistent neglect of facilities for betterment so abundantly provided? Such a person becomes a passive recipient of error as readily as of truth; he takes little thought as to scriptural evidence or au-

thoritative interpretation. It is easier to dream than to search; and a dreamer he becomes, swayed and tossed by every wind of doctrine; influenced by imagination's fantasies; as a student of the Gospel, unstable as water; as a teacher, vagrant as the breeze.

Remember that laziness is not always associated with actual inertness. There are lazy people who would sleep their lives away, to whom all effort is distressing, all exertion painful. The wrong that these may do, through examples of idleness, is at least lessened by the contracted limits of their sphere of feeble activity. Then there are lazy ones who love play as they detest work, and to them play means whatever is frivolous or relatively useless, if it appeals to their fancy. These are by no means inactive; very busy instead, craftily lazy. If left free of restraint or compulsion, they work hard at their play; but they resist all circumstances or conditions that impose the restrictions of orderly pursuit and sustained effort. Systematic study is labor to them, desultory reading a pastime, the spinning of floating theories a passion. When they undertake to teach or preach, to publish from the stand or through the press, weigh well their words, and strive even more earnestly for power to discern their spirits.

Even more dangerous are they who speak and write from the fullness of the heart surcharged with arrogant pride; they whose inspiration is self-conceit. Under pretense of defending their right to individual opinion—a right not questioned or disputed, they seek to force their opinions upon others, thereby robbing their fellows of the liberty they so loudly extol.

The more zeal and skill brought to the study of the scriptures, the better for the student and for those whom he may teach, provided his talents be vitalized by the spirit of truth-seeking. When so animated he will never assume to present as

other than his own personal interpretations of scripture, or individual construction of doctrine, if there be variance between these conceptions and the accepted tenets of his church. Should he urge his dissenting opinions as doctrines of the Church, should he use his official position or influence, as a bearer of the Priesthood, to promulgate doctrines unapproved or unaccepted by the people, he demonstrates his lack of spiritual light, and should be labored with in kindness, that he may be converted. But in every case of persistency in efforts to promulgate through the channels of Church organizations objectionable teachings, as referred to above, the person so acting should be properly advised and restrained by the authorities to whom he is immediately answerable.

Joseph F. Smith.



PRESENTATION OF AUTHORITIES AT SUNDAY SCHOOL WARD CONFERENCES.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union Board recommends that one holding the priesthood be selected to present the General and Sunday School authorities. This selection should be made by the superintendent of the school who presides. Care should be used to select one who has a good voice and who can present the names in a prompt, dignified and impressive manner. Superintendents should see that the official list is complete and delivered to the person appointed to present it in time to be examined by him before the Conference begins. Too often the list is not carefully prepared and the result is confusion and often much embarrassment.

Present the officers named in the order here suggested:

1. It is proposed that we sustain Joseph F. Smith, as Prophet, Seer and Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with John R.

Winder as his first and Anthon H. Lund as his second counselor.

All those who favor this motion will raise the right hand.

If any are opposed they may manifest it.

2. It is proposed that we sustain the General Authorities of the Church as at present constituted.

(In all cases call for the affirmative and negative votes.)

3. It is proposed that we sustain Joseph F. Smith as General Superintendent of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world, with George Reynolds as first, and Joseph M. Tanner as second assistant General Superintendent.

4. It is proposed that we sustain the following officers of the General Sunday School Union: George D. Pyper as General Secretary, George Reynolds as Treasurer, William A. Morton as Business Manager, John A. Burt as assistant Manager.

5. It is proposed that we sustain Joseph F. Smith, George Reynolds, Joseph M. Tanner, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, George Teasdale, Hugh J. Cannon, Andrew Kimball, John W. Taylor, James W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John M. Mills, William D. Owen, Seymour B. Young, George D. Pyper, Henry Peterson, Anthon H. Lund, John R. Winder, James E. Talmage, George M. Cannon, Horace Cummings, Josiah Burrows, William A. Morton, and Horace S. Ensign as members of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

6. It is proposed that we sustain the Presidency of the —— Stake as follows: —— President, —— First Counselor, —— Second Counselor, with the High Council and other Stake officers as at present constituted.

7. It is proposed that we sustain —— as Superintendent of the Sunday Schools of the —— Stake of Zion, with ——

as first, and ——— as second assistant Superintendent.

8. It is proposed that we sustain the following officers of the ——— Stake Sunday School Union: ——— Secretary; ——— Treasurer; ——— Librarian; ——— Chorister; ——— Organist; (and all others, if any there be, who are Stake Sunday School officers.)

9. It is proposed that we sustain the members of the ——— Stake Sunday School Union Board, as follows: ———.

10. It is proposed that we sustain ——— as Bishop of the ——— ward of the ——— Stake of Zion, with ——— as his first, and ——— as his second counselor.

11. It is proposed that we sustain

——— as Superintendent of the ——— Ward Sunday School, with ——— as first, and ——— as second assistant Superintendent.

12. It is proposed that we sustain ——— (here name the officers of the Sunday School, with the positions which they respectively hold, as secretary, treasurer, etc.) of the ——— Sunday School.

13. It is proposed that we sustain the following named teachers in the ——— Sunday School: (Give names, and the departments in which they severally teach.)

If you are willing to sustain these brethren and sisters in their respective offices and assist them with your faith and prayers, raise your right hand.

CURRENT TOPICS.

FRANCE NEEDS MORE BABIES.



WHENEVER France is on the verge of war with Germany, she is reminded that the supply of men for the purposes of armed conflict is very insufficient, and that she is at a real disadvantage when compared with her neighbor. Last July, very serious difficulties arose in France because of Germany's determination to set aside, or at least to annul, the effects of the arrangements entered into between France and Great Britain respecting Morocco. France at once began military preparations to meet what she regarded as Germany's determination to force an armed conflict.

For years there has been a growing disparity in the size of French and German armies. Germany is able to put so many more men into the field than France that the thinking men of the republic have realized the serious disadvantage it would be under in case of another war. It is shown, for example, that for every 10,000 inhabitants of France the annual increase is 19;

while for the same number in Germany, the increase is 149. The increase of population, therefore, in Germany during the last two years is equal to the entire population of Alsace-Lorraine.

The statistics of 1904, the last census in France, shows that there were in round numbers 810,000 babies born, and this is a falling off of 8,500 as compared with the year 1903. The gravity of the decreasing birth rate is all the greater by reason of a proportionate increase in the death rate, there being 7,500 more deaths in 1904 than in the year 1903. According to French reckoning 150,000 infants die annually in France. The number of infant boys, therefore, that die each year would constitute, if they reached manhood, a fairly good sized army.

To check this mortality, numerous societies are organized and medical science is employed. It is proposed to furnish the poorer classes with free food and such care during infancy as will save as many as possible of this great host of France. The trouble with France is that her great peas-

ant population has learned the method of limiting its offspring.

The French, too, aim to perpetuate the family life and heirlooms upon the soil inherited from generation to generation. That means a settled determination to limit the number of male children to one. The Germans are more indifferent to this perpetuation of landed inheritance and therefore naturally expect that their sons will look out for themselves.

There is, however, with the French something more than mere economic questions. They have not forgotten the lesson of the awful wars of Napoleon I. when the youthful manhood of the nation was put upon the altar of his ambition. Within the present generation of France, the sacrifices of the war of 1870-71 are distinctly remembered. The French peasants, therefore, are not anxious to raise sons for war.

The religion, perhaps, of the ordinary French peasant stands less in the way of enlarging his family circle than it does in Germany. It is said: "If the peasant could be assured by statistics of his sound financial position, he would be induced to launch out a little, enlarge his expenses and increase his family for the good of his country." Why should the peasant

"launch out a little and increase his family," after being convinced that he is financially able to do so? Merchants and the wealthier classes do not increase their families for the good of the country. The truth is that the practice of limiting the families to two or three in France is the result of French philosophy in the matter of family life. The religious life of Germany is rapidly being subjected to the same inroads of skepticism that is common in France.

There is really only one safeguard against the evils and ultimate national disasters of race suicide and that is religion. It is the old story of Rome's national sin, a decline in religious life and a corresponding infidelity in married relations as well as a shocking decrease in the birth rate. France is learning to her sorrow that the erection of temples to reason simply means empty temples. One of the surest evidences of the rapidly decreasing interest in religion both in Europe and this country is the alarming decrease in the birth of children. The French people are altogether mistaken when they imagine that patriotism and economic propaganda will correct the stagnant condition of the population of France.

GOOD NEIGHBORS ALL.

"WHY did you come back?" I asked a Westerner who returned to a prairie town after two years in New York. It seemed incomprehensible that he should leave the excitement of lower Broadway for the monotony of the broad plains.

"Neighbors!" was his response. "Would you want to spend your life where the people twenty feet away do not know your name or care whether you live or die? We were brought up with neighbors—and when the baby died and not a person in the blessed town came near us, when we went

alone to the cemetery, it was too much. We packed up and started for home—what's the use living that way?"

One day last summer, away out in the Western Kansas wheat lands, where distances are magnificent and the per capita of population to the square mile is expressed in decimal fractions, a settler became ill. He had fifty acres of fine wheat already turning yellow in the sun. He had no hired man, nor had he the means to engage harvesters. He had counted on "changing work" with someone and thus

getting his grain to market. Day after day he tossed in pain and worried over the prospect. Neighbors? The nearest was three miles away, and the whole township had but seven families.

One morning three self-binders with full complement of helpers came rattling over the prairie. The drivers did not ask permission, but went boldly into the field. Round and round the machines hurried, reaping the ripe grain and leaving shocks of gold dappling the level lands. The sick man heard the buzz of the reapers and tried to get to the window—but his wife told him what was happening, and he fell into a deep, sweet sleep.

It was no slight thing to give up a day in the midst of pressing harvest that a farmer miles away may save his crop, but it is a pretty good sort of sentiment that prompts the action. It may be that it will count for something sometime.

"Would the average city street show an act such as marked a far frontier community in which I spent a night recently?" asked the former New Yorker, then went on: "We had stopped at a little town of less than a dozen houses, and spent the evening listening to pioneer stories in the dingy office of the only hotel. As we were preparing to go to bed, in came three men carrying a banjo, a violin and a guitar. They were ranchers from the Pawnee Valley, and had been out twenty miles on the plains to enliven the evening for an old friend who was sick and nearly blind, with no one to read to him and no music except that of the ceaseless winds. They did not realize that they had done much—they simply did what they could without thinking. The leader of the trio started in the West a poor boy. Now he owns 2,500 acres stocked with horses and with registered cattle so good that they take prizes at every royal stock show in Kansas City. Yet he found time to go twenty miles to cheer up an old friend in misfor-

tune. Why shouldn't he prosper?" Why not, indeed?

Some instances have even more of "human interest," as newspaper men express it. One day a woman out on the plains followed to the wind-swept cemetery the husband with whom she had pioneered through long, weary years. She returned to her little home and gathered around her the five children, heartsick and disheartened. She had but one horse; the other had been sold to secure money during the husband's illness. It was time for plowing the corn ground. How could she get another horse? Where could she hire men to do the work? She cried herself to sleep that night.

Early the next morning her eldest daughter awoke her with, "Look, mother, see who's coming!"

From the window of the cabin-like farmhouse she discerned in the north a number of men who were coming across the prairie with teams, plows, and harrows. To the east were others; so the south and west. What did it mean? She could not think for a minute. All centered at the farm, and, without stopping to ask her permission, went to work, turning over the chocolate furrows. The harrows followed, then the corn planters. Thirty teams made short work of the sixty acres, and by noon half the land was ready for the spring rains.

"Now, Mis' Mason," said the leader, big, sturdy Farmer Hansen of the Four-Winds ranch, "if you'll give us some water to drink, we'll see if we can get dinner."

She did not need to do more than open her kitchen. The men were used to "batching it" on occasion, and they prepared their food like veterans. They had brought eatables for the meal, and the spread looked very good to the children who eagerly watched them.

"Come on, youngsters," called the lead-

er, cheerily, "have something with us—ye're welcome."

They were welcome indeed. The bounties of a dozen homes had been brought for the occasion and the supply was ample for the children, half famished for a good meal as they were. The afternoon was as busy as the morning, and long before sundown the field was ready for the spring rains. Nor was this all. So plentiful was

the provision from the farmers' kitchens that the little home was provided with food for a week to come.

All that summer the neighbors came time after time and cultivated the corn, and when autumn's harvest arrived there was a clean four hundred bushels that had not cost the widow a cent. Pretty good kind of every-day Christianity, that!

The Outlook.

SHALL NOT PREVAIL.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail!"—

The captives shall go free!

This promise down the ages came

To sacred Calvary.*

The Master there put forth His hand,

To man the keys were giv'n,

That whatsoe'er is bound on earth,

Is also bound in heav'n.†

◆
"The gates of hell shall not prevail!"—

Proclaimed by Christ of yore;

His Church on revelation built,

Stands firm forevermore.

The Cross leads now to Paradise,‡

And millions hear and see

That Mighty One whose blood doth cleanse.

And set the prisoners free.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail!"—

A voice to latter-days: §

The Sun in splendor shines again,

Effulgent are his rays.

His Kingdom's built upon the Rock,

Eternal shall it be;

Again have men the Spirit's seal,

The Priesthood's golden Key.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail!"—

God's voice hath pierced the grave,

Unnumbered dead of nations gone

Are buried 'neath the wave—

Redeemed at last from every foe,

Salvation's made secure;

And saved are all who Him obey,

In Christ their rest is sure.

Joseph B. Keeler.

* 38 But behold, these which thine eyes are upon shall perish in the floods; and behold, I will shut them up; a prison have I prepared for them.

39 And That which I have chosen has plead before my face; wherefore, He suffereth for their sins, inasmuch as they will repent in the day that my Chosen shall return unto me, and until that day they shall be in torment.—Book of Moses: Pearl of Great Price, 7th chapter.

† 18 And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

19 And I will give unto thee, the keys of the Kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.—Matt., 16 chapter.

‡ 18 Christ, . . . being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit:

19 . . . went and preached to the spirits in prison;

20 Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah.—1st Peter, 3rd chapter.

§ 5 Wherefore, if you shall build up my church, upon the foundation of my gospel and my rock, the gates of hell shall not prevail against you.—Doctrine and Covenants, 18th section.

SPRING.

Music by Jos. Ballantyne.

Allegro.

1. Dear old tree, now tell me, How your green leaves grow.
 2. Rob - in, will you show me How you build your nest.
 3. Lit - tle girl - ie, tell me Whence your smile so sweet.

Oh the sunbeams help me, And the south winds blow, And
 I bring twigs and feath - ers, And shape them round my breast, And
 In my heart the sun - beams, Dance with pranc - ing feet, They

ti - ny leaves come peeping out To see what it is all a - bout, And
 weave them in and weave them out And tuck the ends in all a - bout, And
 weave glad tho'ts all in and out, The smiles come when they dance a - bout, They

ti - ny leaves come peeping out To see what it is all a - bout.
 weave them in and weave them out, And tuck the ends in all a - bout.
 weave glad tho'ts all in and out, The smiles come when they dance a - bout.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris.

FOURTH SUNDAY, MARCH, 25.

Thought for teachers: Helpfulness.

1. Song.
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song.
5. Morning Talk.

The wind as a helper.

Prepare your own talk, reviewing the thought of the month. In what ways is the wind helpful? Encourage the children to relate their experiences with the wind.

6. Nature Story.
7. Rest Exercise. (Close)

All blow together making the sounds made by the wind.

Play trees. All stand. Extend the arms for branches. Slightly bend the body and wave the arms and hands to represent the trees in the wind. (Some musical accompaniment will make the exercise more interesting. See "Swaying Movement," page 69 Patty Hill Book), or see Rest Exercise, page 52 JUVENILE, January 15, 1906.

8. Bible Story

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.—II. KINGS,
5TH CHAPTER.

In the Bible we read of so many people who lived a long, long time ago, and of the things they did. In one place we are told of a little girl who lived with her folks in the land of Israel, but one day some soldiers went to her home and took her away with them to live in another land, far away, named Syria. This little girl was taken to the home of the captain of all of the soldiers of Syria. She had to

work and to wait upon the captain's wife and to do everything she was asked to do. But the lady and the captain, whose name was Naaman, were so good to her that she learned to love them.

Captain Naaman was a good, brave man, a mighty soldier, well loved by the king, but he was sick and no one in Syria could make him well.

One day while the little girl or maid was waiting on her lady she said, "I wish my master would go to the prophet in the land where I lived for he could make him well." A servant was sent to tell the captain what the little maid had said, and when the king of Syria heard it he wrote to the king of Israel asking him to cure Captain Naaman of the awful disease or sickness, called leprosy, from which he was suffering. Naaman took with him silver and gold and beautiful clothes to give to the prophet if he should be made well, and with his servants he traveled to the land of Israel.

When the king of Israel read the letter from the king of Syria he tore his clothes—as they did in those days when displeased or troubled—for he knew that he could not make the captain well. When the Prophet Elisha, who was the servant of God, heard that the king was troubled and that he tore his clothes because he knew he could not do what was asked of him though he was the king of Israel, he sent to the king saying, "Why are you troubled? Let the captain come to me and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." So Naaman went to the home of Elisha, but instead of going himself Elisha sent a servant to tell Captain Naaman to go and wash in the river Jordan seven times and that he should be well and free from the leprosy.

But Naaman was angry because he thought the prophet would go to him and would call on the name of the Lord and heal him quickly. He said that the rivers in Syria were just as good to bathe in as were the rivers in the land of Israel, and he went away in anger. But his servant went to him and said, "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing wouldst thou not have done it? Then why not obey him when he says wash and be clean?"

Naaman felt sorry for the way he had done, so he went at once to the river Jordan—we have a river in Utah named after that same river—and bathed in it seven times, as he had been told to do by the prophet of God; and his body was made just as clean and beautiful as a little child's, and he was well again. Captain Naaman and all his servants went once more to the prophet's home, and they praised God for healing him; and Naaman promised never to worship any but the true and living God. He offered the prophet rich gifts for healing him, through the power which he held, but the prophet would not take them. Again Captain Naaman started on his journey and returned home strong and well. No doubt he thanked the little maid who had wished to help him.

9. Children's Period.

10. Practice Wind Song.

11. Closing.

Theory for teachers.

The Wind Song—Motherplay Book.

Let us first take a look at the picture which accompanies this song. Here we see represented a typical windy day. In the foreground are some chickens, the wind blows the feathers in their tails but it cannot move the chickens as readily as it can the tin rooster, or weather vane upon the church tower, as they have the power of resistance within them.

To the left are several tall trees swinging and bending to and fro, while some

clothes on a line flap and rustle. They seem to be telling about the stormy wind, while the flapping and rustling delight the children. The boy to the right was about to bathe in the stream, but the wind is too strong, so he binds his bath towel to a tall staff, and high in the air it waves and chatters in the wind.

Close beside the boy sits a little girl who is watching with delight the waving handkerchief in her outstretched hand. A third child is flying a kite. He gives it more freedom than his brother gives the towel or than the sister gives her handkerchief; therefore it rises higher in the air and gives its owner more pleasure.

In the distance can be seen a windmill. "Clap! clap! clap! The wind drives the wheel round and round so fast that its sails strike; hearing the sound out runs a little boy with his paper wind mill. It turns faster and faster as he increases his speed. Whatever a child sees he loves to imitate. Therefore be careful, you, his elders, what you do in his sight."

If your child's to understand
Things that other people do,
You must let his tiny hand
Carry out the same things too.
This is the reason why
Baby will,
Never still,
Imitate whatever's by.

Men and women, like children, imitate that they may understand. True imitation is always accompanied by thought and a desire to better understand.

The game accompanying this thought is played by holding the forearm and hand as nearly upright as possible; the fingers are spread out to form the tail of the weather-cock; the flat hand makes its body, the thumb its throat and head. The hand is moved to and fro in imitation of the movement of the weather-vane, while the following words are sung:

This way, that way turns the weather-vane
This way, that way, turns and turns again,

Turning, pointing, ever showing
How the merry wind is blowing.

While playing this game the eyes of very young children will often go from the turning hand down the arm to the body, to discover what is making the hand move. "Have you never moved an object before your child in such a way that the motive power is not apparent? Have you never noticed that to search for this motive power gives him greater pleasure than to watch the moving object?" His pleasure in moving his hand comes from the same source.

Watch as your baby grows, and you will see
That his whole life, wherever he may be,
Is a perpetual mimicry.

An engine now, he puffs with all his might;
Anon, with brows perplexed, he feigns to write—
Or strides his chair, a mounted knight.

Brimming with life, but knowing not as yet
Even the letters of its alphabet,
He imitates each pattern set.

And watching him, perchance you question why
Each new activity that meets his eye
Excites him his own skill to try.

His is an instinct ignorantly wise!
Only in doing can he realize
The thing that's done beneath his eyes.

A stranger 'midst the surging life of men,
He to his own life-stature shall attain
By taking—to give back again.

After having some experience with the wind it is natural that children should ask: Where does the wind come from? This wind that moves so many things but that we cannot see?

The answer, like answers to many, many other questions, if given could not be understood by them. They must be content with what they can understand until they are older. We often make mistakes in trying to give our little tots truths which are beyond their years and understanding. We must first lead them to see the visible,

and it is through the different phases of nature that many great truths are made clear.

The following is from Froebel's Commentary on the Weather-vane song:

"My child, were I to try to explain to you whence comes the wind, you would not understand me. But one thing you can understand even now: A single mighty power like the wind can do many things, great and small. You can see the things it does, but you cannot see the wind itself.

There are many things, my child, which we can be sure of though we cannot see them. There are also many things which we can see but which I cannot explain to you with words. Your little hand moves, but you cannot see the power that moves it. Believe in and cherish the power you do not see. Hereafter, though you will never see it, you will understand better whence it comes." Blow.

Power invisible that God reveals,
The child within all nature feels,
Like the great wind that unseen goes,
Yet helps the world's work as it blows.

FIRST SUNDAY, APRIL 1st. 1906.

Thought for teacher: Springtime.

1. Song. Spring Song.
2. Hymn.
- 3 The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song. Weather Song. Choose.
5. Morning Talk.

Now that the springtime is here once again, the sunshine seems to be saying something to all the flowers, leaf buds and birds. What do you think it is saying? Yes, it is calling them back to make the earth beautiful and to make us happy. Repeat to children:

"Awake," said the sunshine, "'tis time to get up,
Awake pretty daisy, and sweet buttercup.
Why! you've been sleeping the whole winter long,
Hark! Hark! don't you hear? 'Tis the bluebird's first song."

Would you like to sing about these things? (Learn this verse. E. Smith, page 16. Have a singing practice and sing the songs you know about spring and her helpers—the wind, sunshine, rain, etc.)

The birds are coming back, the grass is getting green, the buds are growing and everywhere is life beginning to show itself.

6. Choose your own Bible story.

7. Rest Exercise. Play a sense game to test the sight, hearing or feeling.

Encourage the children to bring to you grasses, buds, leaves, flowers—anything that tells that spring is here. Examine these during your rest periods, sometimes, and see what you can learn about them.

8. Nature story.

Retell the story of the violets, JUVENILE last number

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song. March out.

SELECTED POEMS.

ANTI-RACE SUICIDE.

One little baby girl causing much ado—
"Tunnin' bruzzer" came to her, then there were two.

Two babies neatly dressed, beautiful to see—
Back came the stork again, then there were three.

Three babies, dirty-faced, rolling on the floor—
Nurse and doctor buzzing round, then there were four.

Four bouncing little ones, very much alive—
Sent away to grandma's house, then there were five.

Five ragged babies, full of naughty tricks—
"Sh-h-h!" everybody said, then there were six.

Six children romping there, oldest one eleven,
Father wearing hand-me-downs, then there were seven.

Seven little blessings sent straight from heaven's gate—
Baby dresses made again, then there were eight.

Eight little boys and girls thinking life was fine,
Mother rather doubted it, then there were nine.

Nine hungry little ones at the table—then
Word came from Roosevelt when there were ten.

Papa stepping very high, bulging out with pride—
Had a lot to say about race suicide.

Mama made her clothes herself, made the children's, too—
Never know before you try what you can do.



MY SHADOW.


I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXVII.

We are the sweet flowers, born of sunny showers,
(Think whene'er [you] see us of what our
beauty saith;)

Utterances mute and bright, of some unknown
delight,

We fill the air with pleasure by our simple
breath.

LEIGH HUNT.

Jem and Carl Answer Ted's Letter. Fawn Still Unpleasant to Carl. He Goes to the Creek Bank in Search of Wild Berries. Frisk Comes.

"BERRYVILLE, October 5.

"*My Dear Brother Edward:*

"It is five days since your letter to me was written. I did not know how to answer you at first, and to tell the truth, I can hardly think now what I want to say to you. Carl says I must write as I feel and be honest. And yet he tells me not to write that way, when I say out to him what it is. I will be mild about it, Ted. But I must tell you that I think you should set me, your younger brother, a better example than you have been doing.

"We cannot send you any money. Our going to school, as well as your going to parties, costs money as well as time. We haven't paid any of the fifty dollars yet that we owed at the bank when you went away. And it worries Carl a great deal. He feels it a dishonor to have a debt and not be paying it off. But everybody that takes any interest in us, advises us to keep on going to school, and we can barely make enough between us, working hard when we are not in school or studying, to keep along. We can't pay a cent yet, and

of course the interest is making the debt larger.

"I think my writing will answer your question of how I am getting along in school. I hope you will do well always.

"Your brother, who is not so small now, but growing rapidly to be a big, strong boy.

"*Jemmy O'Lang.*"

"*Dear Teddy:*

"I will add a postscript to Jemmy's letter, although I wrote to you since receiving your last letter to me.

"I am real sorry for you in your unpleasant condition. But I hope you are learning good lessons that will last you and help you through life.

"I think I can give you a hint that will be helpful if you take it right, and do as I believe I should do if I 'stood in your shoes.' (You see the shoes will find a place in whatever I am at).

"Well, it is this, Ted: Grandfather and mother both used to take great pains to impress upon my mind some important facts. One was that in every way, and in all conditions I must live a true life. That is, I must never try to appear richer or better in any way than I truly am. Then there will be nothing for people to find out that I need be ashamed of.

"Another thing was that every man and every boy needs a true woman friend, one that will be careful to counsel in wisdom, and to whom he can safely trust every secret of his heart, and talk with about even his mistakes, which he does not want anyone else to know of. Mother was all

that to me while she lived. And since I came here, Aunt May Rafton has been like an angel of goodness to help and encourage me. And now for your case, Ted.

"You see, you haven't been taught some of these things as I have, and without meaning wrong, you have not been living the true life, lately, that we must all live to keep out of such troubles as you have found yourself in. But you have the good fortune to be acquainted with a woman who will befriend you if you make her truly your friend by confiding in her. Mother used to tell me a great deal about Mrs. Hester Mathews' goodness of heart, and her fine, noble character. Just confide in that good woman, Ted, as if she were your mother. Tell her what you have been doing and where you stand, and I have no fear for you after that. She will help you to see your way and to get into it straight again.

"We are going to town now. It is Saturday morning, and Jem will stop at Judge Lotzie's and help them today, but I have other business, a part of which will be to post this letter. Please let us hear from you often, and we will always be glad to write in return.

"Your true friend,

"Carlos Hetherley."

As Carl had written, he and Jem locked up the house and both of them started for town. Frisk wanted to go, too.

"I'd let him go with us today, I believe, Jem," said Carl, and Frisk barked gently and capered about, as if the matter needed no further consideration but was entirely settled in his favor. "Well, come on, Frisk," said Jemmy.

The sun was shining warm and bright, and recent storms had washed the trees and bushes and even the air, so that everything seemed so fresh and clean it was a joy to be out of doors, which the two boys, as well as their dog appreciated.

As they came near to the Lotzie gate, Fawn, who was gathering flowers in front of the house, raised up and looked at them. She smiled on Jemmy, but looked very black at Carl first, and then turned quickly and angrily away.

Carl felt the slight in two ways. It amused him, and yet, realizing how unjust it was, he had also a feeling of resentment. But he passed quietly on and paid no attention to it, while Jem and Frisk entered the gate.

About two hours later Carl had finished his errands in town and was ready to return home. As he left Grandma Rafton's door with the empty bucket in which he had brought eggs for Miss Aurd, a new thought came to him. It began with the memory of another Saturday like that one, nearly a year ago, when Aunt May had taken her school up the creek to gather berries. He wondered if the fruit that grew on the creek banks was ripe now. How pleased and surprised Jemmy would be if he should go up the creek and find some nice, ripe currants or berries for their Sunday dinner the next day. He would try it.

A few minutes' walk brought him to the place where a year ago the school had made a halt and commenced the search for fruit. He had only just discovered a bush of ripe currants, when Frisk came bounding to him, dripping wet and very much excited.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



OUR DARLING BABY ROSE.

Dear little baby blue eyes,
Dear little sweetheart so true;
Dear little baby darling,
How often I think of you!

She came to us last summer,
When the birds sang their sweetest tune,
And the flowers were all in blossom,
On the seventh day of June.

Her face is so fair and lovely,
Her hair is the softest brown,

And a look from her will drive away
The coldest, blackest frown.

If I am sad, or vexed and cross,
And from duty my thoughts are drawn,
I have only to look at her angel face,
And my anger is all gone.

When in her cradle she will lay,
In the cunningest little pose,
Of all the flowers that grace the day,
She is the sweetest Rose.

She fills our home and hearts with love,
And drives away all gloom;¹
And she came to us seven months ago,
When the flowers were all in bloom.

Lillian Burnham, age 13 years.

Farmington, New Mexico.

AGAIN I SAY REJOICE.

Rejoice my friend because today is yours,
With all the joy and comfort it will bring.
Rejoice in memory of past happy hours,
Trust God for future joys. Be glad and sing.

Rejoice that though much sorrow be your portion,
Yet there are those who fain would succor send.

Rejoice that God in loving mercy watches,
Guiding His trusting children to the end.

Rejoice that you may make the sad ones happy,
Lifting their burdens with your hands and voice.

That you can gaily give good cheer and sunshine,

Rejoice, my friend, again I say, rejoice.

Mutual Friend.

THE LETTER-BOX.

A Fatal Accident,

BURLEY, IDAHO, Feb. 14, 1906.

I have never seen a letter from Burley, so I thought I would write one.

Our Sunday School was organized July 2, 1905, with Brother Charles L. Haight as superintendent. We have a very good Sunday School, but there are not many members yet.

On February 10th one of my playmates, John Kitchen, was either thrown from a horse or kicked by one, and seriously injured. His brother found him and called his mother and they carried him into the house. At first they thought he was dead. They sent for the Elders and did everything that could be done to relieve his suffering. He never regained consciousness and died Sunday night. The funeral was held Tuesday. The district school was dismissed and the teachers and pupils marched to the meeting house.

We all loved John because he was a good boy, and we feel very sorrowful to have him leave us.

Your friend,

WALLACE WEBB, aged 11 years.

[Wallace's account of the sorrowful accident and death which befell his little friend is very well given. John's age should have been included also the names of his parents.—[Ed.]

Going to Move.

GILES, WAYNE CO., Utah.

I have just been reading the JUVENILE and my papa told me I had better write to the Letter-Box.

This is the first letter I have written. I like to go to Primary and the teacher's name is Annie White, and our Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Martha Ekker.

We are going to move to Thedora in the spring.

WAYNE MAYHEW, age 8 years.

Grandma Lives in Arizona.

DEAR JUVENILE: We live at Twin Falls, Idaho. We came here a year ago. There is no organized ward here. I was baptized last October. I take the JUVE-

NILE and enjoy the letters in it. There are seven in our family. My grandma lives in Arizona.

LAVONIA McCLENDON, age 9.



Likes the Children's Writings.

LEIGHTON, IOWA, Feb. 5. 1906.

We joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, October 6, 1904. My father subscribed for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR some time ago. We are all glad to receive the same. And as I haven't seen anything in the Letter-Box from this part of the country, I thought I would write. I'm always glad to read the letters and charades of the little ones, as I'm a little one myself.

I have guessed some of the charades and will send one composed of twenty-one letters.

My 16, 2, 14, 12 is the name of a state.

My 10, 19, 2, 4, is a great beast.

My 1, 4, 15, 9, is a boy's name,

My 15, 12, 4, 9, 12, 3, is a girl's name.

My 13, 7, 12, 17, 15, 20, 6, is a common noun.

My whole is the full name of an eminent American poet.

I shall be twelve years' old the 30th of March, 1906.

CARRIE KRANENBURG.



A Good Way to Show Appreciation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

THE HEISE HOT SPRINGS, IDAHO.

My papa has given me two dollars, and I think the best way to spend it is to pay for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I like to read the many good stories that are found in that book, especially "The Boy Shoemaker." I should like to tell a story about sister's and my cats, but it would make my letter too long for the first time. Brother, sister and I paid for our last

year's JUVENILE. We like Sunday School. I am twelve years old.

VILATE IRENE NELSON.

[Accept thanks for subscription, Vilate. Write the cat story and please tell us something of the Heise Hot Springs and their surroundings.—ED.]



Charade.

I am composed of 7 letters.

1 and 3, is a conjunction.

4 and 7, a preposition.

6, 1, 7, a common noun.

4, 5, 7, a color.

6, 2, 7, to purchase.

3, 5, 7, something bright.

3, 1, 6, a dishonest act.

3, 2, 4, 7, a precious stone.

My whole is in nearly every Mormon home and is the sweetest thing in the world.

I am nine years old and my home is in Salt Lake City.

ALLIE M. CLEETON.



SMILES.

Mama—"Say! will you put that dish on the table and behave yourself?"

Three-year-old—"Yes, mama, I will. But you know, mama, you should say, 'Darling, will you behave yourself?' "

"Look at me, children!" said the earnest speaker to the restless Primary class. "I want to see your eyes. Do you know your *eyes* are the *windows* of your *souls*? Who can tell me what I mean by your souls?"

A four-year-old raises his hand.

Speaker—"Here's a little man that can tell us. Now listen, children."

Four-year-old, rising—"The bottom of our feet."

AN INDEX for WATCH BUYERS

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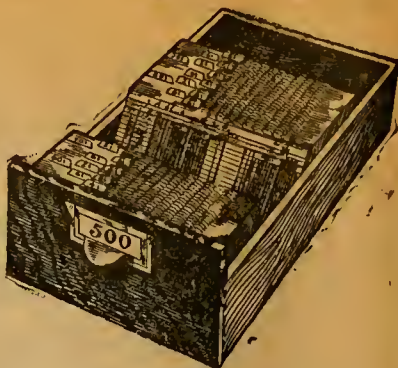
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